

THE RADICAL.

APRIL, 1866.

PRINCIPLES.

BY JOHN WEISS.

THERE are certain great principles which have the same purposes in the human mind as great laws serve in the system of nature, to secure safety, utility, growth, unity, progression, the manifestation of God. We are often obliged to recognize individual men by their defects, as they fail to interpret and to embody in an adequate manner the essential properties of their own being. Still, we can never be mistaken about those properties. They belong to mankind; they compose the substantial part of a properly developed human being, and support his dignity. Many a skeleton may be deformed, but yet there is an essential architecture of the bony parts which keeps man in his erect attitude, with his face turned towards the light of heaven. Principles hold the divine image together and build it up in the direction of the Creator.

This necessity of principles does not depend upon the varying and interested judgments of men. Nor do they derive their vitality from favorable majorities of individuals, to sink into weakness when men have been defeated, or find poor reasons to withdraw their support. But they are the parts of a healthy human soul just as much when all souls deny and betray them as when they are acknowledged and enjoyed. Looking at history, we are sometimes deceived into saying that principles belong to different periods, and are created by circumstances; that they are not the life of the universal man, but the exigencies of an occasion, and owe as much to interest as to the divine necessity. When, for instance, we contemplate whole nations living

contentedly without liberty of conscience, we sometimes admit the reflection whether after all liberty of conscience is not the luxury of the foremost minds, and essential only in a highly developed society. When we observe that whole races of inferior people can enjoy a very fair degree of content which even bubbles up into exhilaration, we are tempted to modify our generous assumption that personal freedom is a necessity for all men. Let them be disfranchised ; it is scarcely a temporary inconvenience. Let them continue to cower beneath the ban of a vulgar opinion. They have trained their spirits to correspond to it; they acquiesce, they never breathed a balmier air. Even if slavery become abolished, let as many of its practical elements be retained as possible, remembering that the daily food of a slave was often fatter than the daily food of pauper freemen ; and some men can live by bread alone. What is the need of being perfectly just to men who appear to be content with bread ?

So many laws of health can be violated without the utter destruction of cheerfulness, so many rights can be withheld without plunging the oppressed into despair, so many lies can appear to serve the purpose of the moment as well as more expensive and far-fetched truths, that we sometimes fall into the scepticism of thinking that truths are relative and not absolute ; that the normal idea of justice, for instance, as it exists in the spiritual mind, may be qualified many degrees from its pure strength, and then administered to the body politic with a better chance of preserving the health, with less danger of intoxication and excess. That, in fine, justice is fit for man when man is fit for justice, and not before ; that, in other words, principles do not create individuals, reform their barbarism, purge their systems of all malignant humors, control and penetrate the whole intelligence with the pulse of sanity ; but when individuals have become thus regenerated, clothed and restored to their right mind, principles may be admitted without qualification and with impunity. It is the same as saying that something else besides observance of the laws of health can raise a man to his highest physical state, and hold him there. Such philosophy would leave the imperfect, the suffering and the oppressed, to acquire liberty and intelligence by being kept in the conditions that have been always fatal to those qualities. It is a philosophy that makes the *statu quo* its element of redemption. Is a whole people pining beneath reactionary despotism, with its best municipal usages invaded, its freest minds exiled, and the very voice of its complaint regulated by police, this condition is the best for educating them for freedom. Are whole tribes and nations held in the durance of bar-

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barism, because their rulers dread to let loose the barbarity which they have maintained by law, still, we hear it said that barbarism prepares such people best for the enlargement of their liberties. As if you should tie a child hand and foot preparatory to its first lesson in walking, or as if, dreading the consequences of his first tottering and swaying gait, you should hold a limb in each hand and glue every footstep to the ground. Divine truth may say to every generation, "Stand fast in the liberty wherewith I make you free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage;" the world's philosophy inverts the text, and at every epoch thinks it less dangerous and more expedient to say, "keep entangled with the yoke of bondage a little all the time, that you may stand fast by and by in liberty." The texts which embody every divine principle are thus inverted; the wisdom that cometh from above is judged to be too bold in having supposed that truth is the health of man, that injustice can be remedied by justice, that impurity can be overcome by purity, that ignorance and darkness will disappear at the coming of the simple and ingenuous morning. And the whole practice of the world accuses Christ of rashness when he stood in the midst of a generation that was, by his own confession, an evil and adulterous one, and thus not to be trusted with progressive sentiments, and said that the divine Spirit was upon him to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised. What organizing, regenerating, liberating words! What faith in God that his wisdom was far-seeing and deliberate when he framed man to have his heart whole, his body free, his spirit unconfined, his limbs unbruised! What faith in man, that his soul could bear to be reminded of heavenly truth, and to be brought back, without danger, to its own first principles. Where should justice stand and speak, if not in an evil and adulterous generation? The whole need not a physician. Adulterous authority rejects the spotless form of truth which God destined to be its consort, to sit upon an equal throne, whence the glances of power might mingle with the rays of conviction, and justify all men in obedience by itself obeying perfect justice. Authority that stoops to mingle itself with the forms that minister to its momentary passions, is adulterous! 'Tis the plainest and most justifiable use of language. It is an adulterous authority when the men who wield it sneer at the law which unites power with perfect justice, and when all faith in the health of the golden rule is gone.

The elements of barbarism will not accept, to their own hurt, the

elements of justice. The undeveloped man shrinks in terror and reaction from truths that do not recommend themselves by flattering his state. "What have I to do with thee, thou pure and piercing justice?" But the health-giving, uncompromising truth cannot cease to afflict him without becoming in its turn possessed with lies. "I charge thee, thou foul spirit, to come out of him." That is the true voice of reconstruction, penetrated with faith in the harmlessness of principles, and not intimidated by the bitter and hostile reluctance with which the body surrenders its disease. God welcomes the prolongation of resistance which proclaims that his truth is measuring itself with a lie.

Why should we be so blind as to expect that any solution of any question that involves the truth of God should be final, unless it vindicates and establishes that truth? Is it possible to conceive of any new condition which can make the regular experience of history obsolete, and secure for us a peace which does not flow out of the victory of divine order, drawn from the original thoughts of God instead of from the practices of man? Can you read a page of the past which will authorize you to infer that the conflict of truth with error can be hushed up, adjusted, and arranged to the permanent satisfaction of all the parties? That truth can defer so much to error, and error reluctantly relinquish so much to truth, as to calm the agitations of interest on one hand and justice on the other? Can the cunning of man devise a truce that shall keep the justice of God and the selfishness of man in positions of mutual, inviolable respect? Sooner hope to find that the whole system of nature exists without its own essential laws, and that organization can hold a divided sceptre with destruction.

God has anticipated for truth nothing but an unequivocal victory, and for error nothing but humiliation. "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers; for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness, and what communion hath light with darkness, and what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing: and I will receive you." Yes, to the simplicity of that speech all the complications of history at last must come; for until a man can find room in his own heart for lust and chastity, for meanness and honor, for self and God, no social state can hold together private conscience and official dogmatism, the plots of treason and the heart of freedom.

But have four years of war convinced America that a principle is

an organic necessity of man? We are not yet prepared to liberate the golden rule from its captivity among our choice abstractions, and to send it forth to do the work of God. It is still clear that we cling to the distinction between a spiritual standard of justice and a practical application of it; and it is by means of that falsity that smooth politicians and manufacturers of rhetorical commonplaces prolong the diseases for which they pretend to bring a remedy. The universe lies balanced and harmonious in the hand of immutable law; an atom will revolve securely around its neighboring atom, and a planet, with its freight of immortal lives, will obey the same decree. When the sods loosen beneath the steps of the spring wind, I shall take up again the fragile stem on which the bells of the lily of the valley nod; and as I consider them, to reward me for that gentle deference, they will remind me that God's finger still shapes their curves, which have not changed from the beginning, and that the soil is still chartered to yield up to them perennial fragrance. The Creator's original devices preserve the strength and beauty of His world. And shall my soul be less constant to the laws of its salvation than this humble lily to the constitution of its race? And can I ever let into my heart the infidelity which presumes that after God's finger has formed my substance to respond to divine truth, as the singing reed answers to the lip of the musician, I may permit here the discord of a law which is not His own, and attempt to live at variance with my health?

Then let the laws of our moral nature proceed to do their appropriate work, each taking an unswerving line in the direction of its object. We cannot serve two masters. If God has ordained that liberty of conscience develops the religious powers, and excites man to a true sense of his relations with the invisible, we may spare our nervous terrors, and keep our hands steady, while we clear the path of the soul from all impediments. If it be an ordinance of God that freedom of the person and freedom of his labor, and a share of every civic advantage, puts into the soul corner-stones of truth, intelligence and happiness, and secures for the word *commonwealth* an incalculable richness of expression, then serve the ordinance. If it be a decree of God that peace is the result of organizing principles, and safety the consequence of having dared to believe in truth, then call nothing else peace, and expect to be disappointed in every other kind of safety; "for what concord hath Christ with Belial?" It is our peculiar dignity to be able to see the Creator's necessary principles which secure the greatest happiness of all. Let us fix our eyes also

upon that happiness, and be willing to resign present tranquillity for the sake of serving one Master, who conducts his children through all the agonies of history into promised lands.

A nation suffering from neglected sin, is governed by the same laws which restore a vicious man : there must be a revolution in the whole of his nature, and a determination no longer to compromise with the unclean thing. He must put the whole of it down — or it will put the whole of him down. If any man begins to recur to the ideas that possibly, in some way, the antagonism may after all be adjusted, and health and disease flow in the same veins with even tide, let him throw them away, as they are part of the country's sin. His want of absolute sincerity upon this point prolongs our unsettled condition. And if you wish to see the man who is an enemy of his own people's freedom, point to him whose ideas of freedom have been as good as anybody's, but who has not been ready to take them in his right hand and carry them to the utmost. Point to the man who is not heart and soul committed to the great idea which makes a republic : who lets his old prejudices control him at the critical moment when his compatriots shrink before the reawakening strategy of the Rebellion ; who ventures to make any other thought prominent except the thought of attacking at every point, and in every method the spirit that is now expecting to become again, through miserable compliance, a portion of the country's life. If you wish to see the enemy in your midst, point to him who finds objections to acting with men who have been always willing to be mobbed, to be hated, to be struck down for freedom. What are the ulterior objects nourished by men who have been willing to feel the rage of ignorant opinion, that should prevent us from sustaining them with hearts over which the unity of freedom has swept, to obliterate all hatreds and political distinctions ! If the ulterior object to make liberty predominate, and to represent the glory of a disenthralled people, be wrong, then sympathy with liberty is wrong, and her advocates may be deserted. But if all history teaches us that God expresses himself through men whose faces shine with the foremost principles, and that any man who has a great idea at a great moment, is the man for God's work, then it becomes a much chastened people, laying aside every difference, to rally around appointed instruments, to rush and help hold up the shield on which the soldiers have just lifted liberty, that she may be borne through the land in triumph to her place of power. Yes — this is the moment to test the quality of our republican professions ; those who are willing to bring forth the fruits of liberty will enter into a bond of

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unity and fraternity, and, like the crew upon a foundering deck, render absolute obedience to the only power that can save.

What a generous emotion it was which brought money and soldiers to support the majesty of law ; but do we also feel a principle within, confirmed and clarified by sorrow, devoting us to the great cause, keeping us steadfast after the glow of our victories and charities has passed away, holding us to the service of unity for the sake of Freedom ! Let us not be deceived by an era of good feeling. The rebellious spirit expects that we have exhausted ourselves upon those great campaigns. We must disappoint that expectation, and continue to confound the cunning of our enemy, by a love of liberty standing in our soul at the side of our belief in God, and as soon to be shaken : a principle as vital as our religion, and as hostile to iniquity — a part of our honor, yes, of our immortality — rooted in the life of every individual, concentrated in the united action of all. Let executive prejudice and patronage bring up its unity against such a solid array of hearts. If God is with us, who can be against us !

Such a unity as this of which I speak, is the only conservative position that is left to take, if a man will preserve this country, and guide its course safely between the traitors and their sympathizers. We have heard something said about Northern treason. This has always been the treason of abolitionists, and this their want of patriotism, to reconstruct an Union for the sake of Freedom, and of the ultimate triumph of human rights, both in the new world and in the old. If that has been treason, — to be faithful to the organic idea of a republic, to save it from passion on one side and servility on the other, and to make the forces of a great country support and represent its liberty, let us indeed continue to be treasonable, and make the most of it. It is treason to which divine truth invites us when it says, "stand fast in liberty," "obey God rather than man," "render to God the things that are God's." Yes, we take the glory of such a position, and repel the insinuation of that word ; and we proclaim him the traitor, whether he stands in pulpits or in the halls of debate, who maintains that latent Rebellion has a right to power by the side of Freedom. We might as well have seen the treason conquer by arms, as prevail through servility. What dreadful moment is this, when preachers and public men gather the blood of your captains and your soldiers into a cup, and proffer it, on bended knees, to the lips that shouted when it was shed ! Shall this blood be turned into a common puddle by the treacherous feet that steal through it into future opportunities ? Nothing to stand between this blood and desecration

—no guarantee, no inviolable securities, no safeguards for a hated race—nothing but the oath of a few men, this year to be taken,—next year to be broken! Nothing for us to do, but to take our hands off that are trying to staunch the ebbing vein, and throw our arms wide open for a fraternal embrace, and leave the blood to run while liberty feels that Judas-kiss upon her cheek! Do public men count upon deluding and amusing liberty with the execution of a prominent traitor or two—expecting that her pure soul, sated with that useless spectacle, will surrender her advantage. Rise up—rise up, ye men and women, who fed the great battle of your country—the blood is still fresh—it has not disappeared—it is above ground—it has not yet sunk into the sod to nourish the verdure of Freedom. Rise up, and brand with your unity, and at one glorious stroke, the name of treason upon secret coalition and secret sympathy with unconverted rebels, and upon the forehead of every official person who talks about the rights of the men who slew your children. Let the voice of the American pulpit declare for unity, fraternity, a determined principle of action. Thus only can we see a great country, the object of our warmest love, rise in a form of regenerated beauty from the midst of angry waters. The symmetry and charm of truth will shine from her countenance, and she will turn it, no longer distorted by conflicting emotions and troubled with a sense of degradation, full upon the kingdoms of this world. Liberty, reflected from that majestic presence shall beam upon them; misery shall leap up to recognize the face of its salvation, and earth shall send up one acclaim of acknowledgment that the great experiment has succeeded, and that a pure republic is possible to men.

“And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth bring their glory and honor into it. And there shall in nowise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie.”

CONCERNING THE NATION'S SOUL.

IT must not be regarded a mere fancy to affirm that nations have souls. Nor is it to be counted an easy task for a nation to save its soul *alive*; keep it just and free, and so always omnipotent. Every person's private experience offers testimony to this fact. The struggle with the tempters, poverty, wealth, luxury, lust of power, &c., for the mastery over them, is of long duration, and is made more difficult and perilous with each new, even the triflingest, surrender. Nevertheless, a Soul every representative nation must have and save; a controlling sentiment — a central principle — a commanding one-idea. All of national character is thus formed. There are familiar illustrations from history. The Hebrew Soul was dedicated to the affirmation of One God; the Greek Soul flamed into its life in the presence of Beauty, Philosophy, Science; the Roman Soul was crystallized into a code of Law.

It is the purpose of this article to consider the nature of our American Soul, and the manner in which we are saving it.

1. Most Americans find themselves, at one time or another, gravely pondering the fact that there are dead-nations, as there are dead languages; and are concerned to know if their number is to be increased. Like every people gone before, we are zealous for the fame of a long life. Nay, more than that, we are not willing to number our days — our centuries, even — at all. This idea of National perpetuity triumphed over rebellion. It is, notwithstanding this fact, a fair question: must we finally go the way of the other nations? Do their troublesome ghosts haunt America's dream of Immortality with good right? One does not concede any good purpose in the plan, nor readily believe that civilization travels forever in its circle, and gains nothing by repeating the journey, in height or breadth. We may console ourselves with the reflection that it is our mistake to prophecy of the future simply from experience in the past. For the altered and advanced condition of affairs in the present time, the old examples lose somewhat of their pertinency. There is the difficulty of drawing what is termed the legitimate inference. The comparison may fail. To read the future in the past, we have to reflect upon known facts and experiences, and be wise enough to anticipate their product. In this manner history may be written forwards as well as backwards. It is prophecy drawn from accredited facts and discovered laws. If we would have the law of universal progress in the world revealed, we must recognize the many and constant assurances of the unity of the

whole race, the continuity and consequent sacredness of all history, and thus gain our view of it all as of one movement.

Thus viewing affairs, it does not appear that there has hitherto been ordered any advance of the entire grand army of humanity at once, generation succeeding generation in a continuous and equal movement. But by the conducting of separate and distinctive campaigns, for seemingly unrelated ends, the general progress has been secured; each division (so to speak) independently fighting its own battle—a battle never to be repeated, and fought not within one, two, or seven days, but closing, perchance, only with the lapse of centuries, its hard won victory evermore to be the heritage of the earth. For of no people of eminent national characteristics can it be said, they have been lost in death. What is fairly won *once*, is won for all time; is henceforth a permanent factor in the world's character. Failure only is transient. The Hebrew's legacy, the legacy of the Greek and Roman, are imperishable wealth for mankind. Their Souls go "marching on." These different nations seem to have had their so decidedly marked nationalities, that they might as result be able to lay upon the altar of humanity their special gifts, from which should at length be fashioned in rounded completeness human character. Each had its own idea to make immortal. By divine decree it must "hammer away" at that until its work was done. The union of these ideas, thus brought forth by the travail of the nations, must shape the civilization that shall characterize the future.

Thus may be traced manifestations of a controlling Supreme Will, working in humanity under a law of development: "the whole race being as one man who never retreats, but is always advancing toward perfection." The same manifestations are seen in the preparation of the earth itself for the reception of man. He could not be born until first; by successive chemical changes, the vegetable kingdom was formed, and then, by continued advancements, the possibilities of animal life were reached. And then the human form must be the product of developments from lowest animal forms.

"We shall be justified in accepting the experience of the past for deciding the fate of America, when we agree that the same elements enter to make up American character, and none other, which were present in the lives of these perished empires. Must we so agree? Rather have we not ample reason to believe that this modern nation is in possession of new and improved faculties, which none of those earlier nations are to be credited with? The mineral kingdom had form, the vegetable kingdom had not only form, but *life* as well, and the animal kingdom had not only form and life, but *consciousness* added

thereto. The nineteenth century is the product of all past centuries, increased by itself. So let us say, America inherits the past, and adds herself to it. What, then, of the future? Here is the solution: Have we a purpose broad enough, and high enough, and deep enough to develop the entire manhood of the race? Yes? Then has the new world a lease of the future to run without end!

The nations of old were only able to grasp and realize in actual life partial statements. For instance, when the Hebrew nation said, "Jehovah is One," and followed this idea with a complete surrender of soul, as the pole star of national destiny, there was proclaimed and enforced a central truth. But it must be confessed that the Hebrews imagined strange things concerning their One God; that they were blind and deaf to other statements quite important to the well-being of mankind. That nation emphasized the fact of God, but it could not slander Man and survive. A religion denying the human brotherhood is emasculated, and comes to naught. When the idea of ONE UNIVERSAL "CHOSEN PEOPLE" dawned, Israel hung its harp on the willows. It could not chant this hymn to Humanity. The partial dies. It lacks one or more of the vitalizing forces. The law of permanence is wholeness. God must be the Unit. If man will draw upon the fraction only to found and perpetuate his empire, he must forfeit so much life.

At the present period of the world's history, there would seem to exist the possibility, certainly, for inaugurating a new era in the conditions of human progress, in which all nations may soon unite. Heretofore the civilizations have been special and private. By a noble aspiration now manifested throughout the entire world, the people — despite their rulers, whose ambitions would continue the old feud — claim a common relation and destiny. As God is ONE, so Humanity is ONE, and LIBERTY is the goal. The grand words of life are all formed and uttered, if we mistake not. Law, Science, Religion: these in unison, securing Liberty. *Liberty is their product.*

And now, what have we Americans to say? How do we stand in regard to our relations with mankind? What are we doing? For the time being, by a world-wide consent we claim *Liberty* to be our peculiar word. It therefore belongs to America more than to any other nation on the globe, at present, to reveal the deep, eternal meanings that word must carry to all. This is not the expression of vanity. It is not egotism. No. It is only the recognition of responsibility, the appreciation of opportunity. It is America's *opportunity* to sum up all past gains and achieve the hope of all ages — LIBERTY FOR ALL! To this high task the nation's soul is pledged.

In its achievement all human beings, by subtlest ties of brotherhood, are profoundly interested. All nature cries aloud for the achievement. This superb continent utters its voice: "*What would ye here with me but serve this purpose of God!*"

2. It becomes then a question which no American citizen may refuse to consider: How is the nation's soul being saved?

I raise no doubts but that its soul is, in some way, to be saved. The world cannot afford, our own necessities cannot permit, the catastrophe of so great a failure. The past has shown that where we will not go, we shall be driven. By victory or disaster, by peace or war, by joy or lamentation, our work is achievable: but *one* of these ways must we choose. It cannot be different with a nation than it is with an individual. The invisible laws cannot be broken. They execute themselves upon both. The alternatives are willingness or unwillingness, liberty or slavery. God will have co-operation or service. If the law is within there is liberty. If it is without there is bondage. What was the heroism of Jesus but his endeavor to abolish for himself the exterior law? What was his superiority but the degree of his triumph? What is his proper influence but the excitement of others for their own victory? Willingness to obey, from pure delight in the recognition of the law, is man's *religion*. It is not a sorrow but a joy. "I and my father are *always* one," is the true expression of its attainment. The personification may be dropped, and the statement may stand: *I and the Right are one!*

If we turn now to the history of the Republic since its organization under the Constitution, we shall easily discover that we have never accepted our work heartily, as a people would which had attained to a "pure religion," as became a people of deepest sincerity. As yet America has had no religion, no devotion, no willingness, no delight in her 'business'! The necessity has been upon her; but *as a lash*. She has advanced reluctantly, and only when to refuse was madness; after every expedient else had failed. Her *Declaration of Rights* — that "Sermon on the Mount" — was very soon proven to be little more than the frenzy of hot blood; blood heated in defending self. She has never been without able lawyers (whom she has feed with the highest honor and wealth) to pronounce it a poor, impracticable "generality." And now after eighty-nine years of rebellion against this *one idea*, which first won her the sympathy of mankind, she flees for safety to a recognition of it in her organic law, but hesitates yet to save it from becoming a dead letter, by force of proper legislation.

Of such conduct, what can one say? Is it a pure patriotism which

blinks such facts? Shall we seek refuge in glorious sensations produced by the reflection that we are a 'great country'—that we have had a 'great rebellion,' and put it down, exhibiting courage, skill, and resources, never surpassed by any other nation; and that we have at last liberated our *slaves*? It is true that we are a 'great country,'—if we count our acres; and we have vast resources, both belonging to the soil, and in the native character of our people,—if that may be called *native* which is as yet barely naturalized,—and we have been courageous and skillful both in defending our rebellion (for we are one from lake to gulf) and in putting it down; and we have amended our *Constitution* by inserting a clause, saying, that in our land there shall hereafter be no "involuntary servitude." (I might go on to add,—and we have proven our ability to flay any portion, or, all of mankind, beside.) But what of all this? The *acres* we found here on our arrival. The hidden treasures they contained are our good fortune. The energy we have displayed in achieving a material prosperity, it is no new thing in the world. We but repeat the most ancient of ambitions, under favorable circumstances. And our 'great rebellion,' which we have put down—alas! Shall we glory in that? Yes, let us take some satisfaction in knowing that when the calamity came, we did behave ourselves in some degree like men! But yet we should be very humble, and take our satisfaction for the achievement in a most private manner. For see, what a fearful penance it was we paid—even so heroically! Loyal men, whom did you fight? Not a foreign foe. Your battle was like that which each private man has to wage with himself,—a battle against his own sins. The nation parted for a time,—the good resolution and the bad determination stood opposed on the battle field in a struggle for the mastery. But in fact there was no division. It was the fierce contest of a giant striving against himself to save himself from destruction. And all the world might have seen as it looked on, that this *evil determination* in his character had grown to its strength by virtue of his own folly, weakness, and lust. He had been in complicity with his Satan. He had broken his vow. He had given room to the fiend, and always yielded when it cried, "give," until he found, at length, how it was keeping no bargain that was made, and had even framed a request for his whole being—soul and body. Then the mighty battle commenced. *Is it over?* "Yes, for we have liberated our slaves." Have we? Is our Satan quite dead? He threw away the ballot. He found the bayonet a poor weapon. He clutches eagerly again for the ballot. We have put aside the bayonet. Have we taken up the ballot? Four millions of us—our "*liberated slaves*"—are

denied this weapon for our defence. And the Chief of the nation would turn these *freedmen* over to the old enemy, now made thrice cruel by his half-defeat. *Is* the battle over? *Is* the "great rebellion" put down? Have we saved the nation's Soul alive? Let us not limit our view of the "rebellion" to the South. It has a wider range. It is the whole country that has been in rebellion, and against a *higher law* than was ever enacted at Washington — this law of all men's liberty — about which we prate. Do not forget that! Loyalty to that must bring our peace, and place the nation for the first time into prosperous conditions. We have had no peace in the past, we have had no prosperity. A fearful satire upon our "*peace*" has been our 'giant war;' and our prosperity — we may measure that by the harvest of debt we have reaped, and are yet reaping.

What then, I repeat, shall we say of a nation so swift to profess, so tardy to practice? Must we "despair of the Republic"? Must we confess failure despite of our own and the universal expectation? For one, I vote, *no!* *We shall triumph over ourselves in the end. We shall win our victory of Liberty, for there is a Will "at this end of the line" which is omnipotent! It cannot be frustrated or baffled by native meanness, ignorance, greediness, cowardice, or treachery. It knows neither high nor low, neither favor nor fear, but only its one word! Success to that, or DEFEAT FOR AMERICA! And this by no choice of its own, but because it reads with clear vision the law of God and destiny. It is not vindictive. It does not delight in the woe of America. It cherishes no hate. It would redeem and save. It would uplift all men of every race and color into the perfect stature of the sons of God. Its mission is to bless!* They who have not yet learned of this power in America, and moreover, have not learned that it cannot be balked of its purpose, can have little cheer in view even of our present condition. It was his knowledge of it which made Mr. Garrison cry out "Liberty Victorious!" when the Constitutional Amendment was adopted, — he felt then the *end* was sure. But it was no more certain then, than it was when he printed his first copy of the *Liberator*; than it was when the pledge was given in '76. We were *nearer* the end; that was all. And he meant nothing more.

It would be wrong not to vindicate the nation in this particular, namely: it has always *intended* to do right *sometime*. Whatever of virtue there is in *that*, the nation is certainly entitled to. And here is brought into clear light the difference between those who have controlled the legislation of the country, and those who have educated the public sentiment. The one would say, "That is right, but we must wait, we must shade the truth down to the eyes of the people, or

they cannot bear it." The other would say, "If that is right, *do not wait*; evasion and delay bring only disaster. The people are quite as ready as you are. Trust them. Build your work upon the foundation of just principles. Do not fear the people. They will let your true work stand."

There are those who claim that this is the proper distinction, and one which must always exist, between what they term the moral and the political methods. Policy is the rule of the one, Principle is the only guide for the other. The one may insist upon the whole, the other must rest content with an approximation. Can it be that this gulf between theory and practice can never be bridged save by the calamities, which such abandonment of principles inevitably bring for the structure? One would suppose that a people, schooled in bitter experiences of such 'statesmanship' as this, would be ready for the experiment, at least, of a different method. But it is apparent that few of the public men in either party have reached this conclusion. The people are not to be trusted, but deceived. Witness the canvass now being conducted in Connecticut. The republicans support 'both Congress and the President.' Mr. Fessenden pleads in the Senate, "We can't get a whole loaf, we should, as statesmen, take the half," and Dr. Bellows, of New York, pronounces a benediction upon this plea for '*practical wisdom*.' But he sneers at Mr. Sumner, who declares the "half loaf is poisoned," and insists that "the people are in advance of us and will sustain us if we are courageous. They will adopt any constitutional amendment that ought to be adopted. They will adopt any thing that is true and just for the protection of benefactors, and to carry out the principles of our government." Certainly it would be worth the while for our statesmen in Congress to put this matter to a thorough test. One thing is plain in the records of the country; the people have never *finally* sustained any measure adverse to justice. They have followed their leaders into compromise, but have forsaken them again for wiser ones. They have never been *taught the folly of half-way work* by senators and representatives. If Congress would test the temper of the people at this time, let it unite in fair and open dealing with the business of reconstruction, shape its just and equal measure, and summon the country to its support. Let it state its conviction that any other settlement than that would not only be dishonorable, treacherous to a race whose aid had been sought in time of need, but fraught with new peril to the whole country. Let it take its stand boldly, and wait the result. It is a question, possibly, whether the people at the

first balloting would or would not sustain a thoroughly radical measure. That would depend upon circumstances somewhat. For they are so little accustomed to such legislation, they might need time in which to become acquainted with it.

But have we not had a sufficient trial of the methods of policy? In this country our public men have had two things in view, the safety of the Union, and their own position in office. For these ends they have used compromise and equivocation. Do we need any additional evidence to prove the fatuity of the one, and the poor success of the other? Compromises have failed utterly to achieve any other result than evil. And those men who hold their places in Congress for the longest period are the Sumners, Wades, Stevenses; men who in all their political life have never failed to lead and form the public opinion, appealing to the judgments of the people, oftentimes far in advance; men who have won just fame, not only for measures they have carried in the service of justice, but for their opposition to, and defeat of much vicious legislation.

I have said that there would seem to exist at the present time the opportunity to inaugurate a new era in the conditions of human progress. And that in this movement it is our *opportunity* to lead. It is so by virtue of our *claim*, and by the weight of all our *bitter experience* in following the old methods. We have been educated, let us trust, up to the position. If we are not yet ready to do right by a natural love of right, surely we have good reason for believing that the old saying is a faithful one, that the best *policy*, even, is *honesty*. And as he has been rated the wisest statesman in the past by the country at large, who could best play the national game of compromise, so, contrarywise, in the future, statesmanship shall be acknowledged to be the *uncompromising application to the business of the Republic of Republican principles*. Has not the war brought the poor game of compromise to an end? We have in the disposition of the people, and in the attitude of Congress, some warrant for the belief. Yet it is by no means certain that our reliance upon principles is equal to our emergency. In our eagerness to restore what we term 'the peace of the country,' we run the risk of a surrender. As matters stand now, there is danger lest we make too great haste. The resolutions introduced into the Senate but yesterday by Senator Stewart, have this look of mischief, if none other. It is certainly never desirable to continue an 'excited' state of affairs a moment longer than is really necessary. But it is not so important to the country to reach an *early* settlement, as it is that it reach a *just* one.

We need for this hour the fullest distrust of *expediency*, come in what friendly guise it may. We can better postpone action for five years than now make a false move. There is no demand for haste. There is only the demand for honest dealing. If we are not equal to that to-day, let Congressmen come home and have a talk with their constituents. Let them go to the people with an honest purpose; they will get a fair hearing, and a strong support, and a new executive at Washington. If this is all a mistake, then the victory is postponed for the next generation. The education of the country is not completed.

It is the warning given by the foes of impartial liberty in America, who have a great sympathy for the same cause in Ireland, that the delay of the restoration of the Southern States to their privileges in the Union, must inevitably harden that people into undying hatred to the country, as, for example, the British Government has done with the people of Ireland. The fact that an American could see in the two cases any possible analogy, invalidates his capacity to form any true judgment in the case at all. While England insists upon a manifest injustice to Ireland, our Congress demands of the South only the guarantee of no further injustice on its part to four millions of people, as intelligent, as brave, as unoffending, as are those whom England has for centuries oppressed. True, this may embitter the South to a great degree, for it yet believes in its right to thus oppress the negro, and claims the old privilege of doing so as a *State's Right* within the Union. But no people can forever hold out against the enforcements of justice. They are themselves drawn by its beneficent sway into its advocacy. They will be glad to confess their mistake, and forsake their sin. And instead of hating the power which baffled their evil designs, they will come to persuade themselves that they were never in opposition to it: just as we find very many good people in the North to-day, whom the war has converted into "life-long abolitionists." We can bind the South in devotion to the country only in the bonds of justice.

Whether we will apply this justice now, or consent to another half century of mutual jealousy in guarding a weak, shameful compromise, hatching a brood of evils such as no foresight can adequately picture — is the question that confronts the nation at this time. It has the antidote of justice, of principle, against a lingering disease of *policy* that is shaped in cowardice, blindness and ingratitude.

We may begin now in earnest, if we will, this movement for *National reconstruction*. We may erase the past and start aright. The past

should be known as the epoch of *policy* at the expense of our principles. We can begin an epoch of *loyalty* to confessed principles. The epoch of disaster would close. The epoch of peace and good-will throughout the entire land would begin. The nation, lured by the happy sway of Freedom, would come at last to love all her paths, and save its Soul alive and strong to bless the whole brotherhood of Man.

EDITOR.

REVOLUTIONS.

BEFORE Man parted for this earthly strand,
While yet upon the verge of heaven he stood,
God put a heap of letters in his hand,
And bade him make with them what word he could.

And Man has turned them many times : made Greece,
Rome, England, France :—yes, nor in vain essay'd
Way after way, changes that never cease.
The letters have combin'd : something was made.

But ah, an inextinguishable sense
Haunts him that he has not made what he should.
That he has still, though old, to recommence.
Since he has not yet found the word God would.

And Empire after Empire, at their height
Of sway, have felt this boding sense come on.
Have felt their huge frames not constructed right,
And droop'd, and slowly died upon their throne.

One day thou say'st there will at last appear
The word, the order, which God meant should be.—
Ah, we shall know *that* well when it comes near :
The band will quit Man's heart :—he will breathe free.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

From his Published Poems.

SURSUM CORDA!

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

"THE French made in 1789, the greatest effort ever made by a people, to cut in two, so to speak, their destiny, and to fix an impassable gulf between what they had hitherto been, and what they would thereafter be. With this aim they have taken all sorts of precautions to import nothing of the past into their new condition; they have imposed all kinds of constraints to make themselves other than their fathers; they forgot nothing that would help make them unrecognizable as the same people. I have always thought that they were much less successful in this brave enterprize than has been believed in foreign countries, and than was at first believed among themselves. I am convinced that they have retained from the old order the greater part of the sentiments, habits, ideas, even with the aid of which they had conducted the Revolution which had destroyed it, and that without their will they had preserved its *debris* to construct the edifice of the new society to such an extent that to comprehend the Revolution and its work, we must forget for a moment the France which we see, and go to interrogate in its tomb the France that is no more." *

THESE remarkable words, coming from one whose authority no American surely can question, have been haunting me so much lately that I begin to fear that they are a warning of what is to come of our own great revolution. Notwithstanding the baptism of our soil with consecrated blood; notwithstanding the dreary tragical experiences of nearly a century; it really seems as if Americans meant to take the *debris* of the old Union—the contempt of the lowly, the hatred of the negro, the hunger for gold, though coined out of human hearts,—and with these build the new structure. "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" some enthusiastic optimists will cry. Nevertheless, America *did* once declare all men free and equal, and then proceed to sanction the slave trade and the fugitive slave clause of the Constitution. America began with the Declaration of Independence, but reached at last the Dred Scott decision. These horrible degradations do take place among nations; and if I mistake not, that if we go to the tomb of the old Union we shall find much resemblance between it and that of to-day. President Johnson occupies precisely the same attitude toward the demand of *his* time, that Buchanan occupied toward the demand of his time. Mr. Raymond is standing in the shoes of Mr. Crittenden. We are now, as then, invited to cement the Union with the blood of the negro. And the same trade which ruled in the old Union; which bought and sold negroes and politicians, cotton and principles, is now trying to barter

* From the Preface to De Tocqueville's "*L'ancien Regime et la Revolution*."

for its own immediate re-establishment all that the noble blood shed in four years had seemed to gain. For the sake of clamorous trade the "compromises of the Constitution" were made; and it seems that for the same a new Union with similar compromises is to be made. The thunders of Sinai which have published eternal laws to our stricken land have scarcely been hushed, and the golden calf is already worshipped by the crowd. The conflagration that has raged in America for a generation has revealed how much of the house we were living in is perishable material, how much is permanent solid work. It has shown that the inequality of representation in the Senate has made that body an iron band around a tree striving to grow: Connecticut with her few thousand, could veto New York with her millions. It has shown that where each representative must live in the district and state he represents, local selfishness and individual self-interest take the place in legislation of public spirit, and that Western adventurers must checkmate the action of cultivated men. It has shown that by the Electoral Colleges less than a fourth of the people would presently elect the President. It has shown that the sweeping out of every officer by each incoming party, kept competent men out of the public business, and filled each department with men intent only on making the most money they could out of the country during their brief stay. It has shown that by the representation of slaves a premium was put upon wrong, and men were empowered to make laws for free men in proportion as they violated the rights of free men. It has shown that each President, by his reeligibility, has been made (with rare exceptions) a reckless intriguer for a second term of office; and that the 30,000 offices placed at his disposal were only so much money to bribe politicians to support him. In short, the great conflagration has revealed that the seemingly solid walls about us, were but *stucco* and *terra cotta*, — our oak but veneering, — our decorations shoddy. There is not a thinking man in America but must see that any permanent "reconstruction" must imply a reconstruction of the whole organic law of the country. But what power have thinking men in America? What do Republican Institutions come to if we can never get a first class man into the government, — if the Phillipses, Emersons, Whittiers, Lowells, Sumners, Stevenses, Wades, Schurzes, are to be underfoot of ignorant and vulgar tailors and tinkers? There is nothing sadder under the sun, than to see that which is noble overruled and humiliated by the ignoble.

Now it seems to me that those men in America who acknowledge an allegiance to Reason and Principle, are not doing all they can to

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save their country from its chronic disgrace and impotence for good. Our thinkers are intent each upon his little home-republic, or engaged in realizing his fools-cap Utopia, and does not apply his mind to public duties. During the height of the storm, all hands came out and worked at the pumps or ropes ; but now that the wind abates a little, each returns to his separate affair, and cannot even keep up with the progress of events. We have seen Beecher and many another lose the *clan* which they had during the war, and the enemy sewing the old tares whilst the husbandmen are nodding. In a word there is among our best men a lack of spirit and pluck for their public duties. "All nations," said Dr. South, "that grew great out of little or nothing, did so merely by the public-mindedness of particular persons." There is in America enough brain-power and heart-power to build and guide for grand human results the great machinery of a Republic ; but it is now engaged in conducting sectarian churches or reviews. There is a sad lack of public-mindedness amongst our ablest men and best hearts. From this comes the weakness resulting from the serious disagreements of these men, who united, might be irresistible. Why should there be such grievous differences between Phillips and Beecher, Curtis and Greeley, Sumner and Bryant? "Men," said Socrates, "agree in respect to what they know." There is some fact or sign of the time recognized by one which the other has not seen. All men amenable to Reason *must* agree about principles, and about the events and facts which practically represent principles, where they equally perceive and comprehend such events and facts. It is therefore but a trick which prevents our real men in America from seeing eye to eye on the great and formidable issues before us, and consequently prevents their combining to form a power. That which should be settled with all reasonable persons is thus surrendered to be the subject of discussion, when by a little more knowledge, it would be no more a subject of discussion than the sum of two and two.

Now it seems to me that there should be at some central point of the Union, — say Cincinnati, or St. Louis, — a convention of unofficial liberal men, and the more literary and thinking men in it the better, whose business it should be to come to an understanding as to the position, duty, and prospects of America at present. What does Reason show to be essential ; what does Justice demand ; what does Experience prove to be wrong? Let these questions with their applications be discussed ; let every argument be met, every doubt entertained, every popular impression or prejudice be analyzed ; and let an impregnable organon of Reason and Justice be put forth before the

world. The first revolution wrote with pen of fire the "flaming ubiquities" of the Declaration of Independence; before the fire of this second revolution sinks into ashes it should publish for us a purer law than that. Let every town, village, neighborhood, send a representative to this congress of Reason; but let us not imitate the bad system of our government and leave at home the true representative because he is not associated with a special locality. Wendell Phillips might all the better represent St. Louis, because he is not connected with its petty interests: we need the congressmen of universal laws. There is no reason why representatives should be even confined to the nation; but in such a convention, Mill, Gasparin, Mazzini, and other sworn supporters of the constitution of the universe, and independent of transient dynasties, might well have seats. Nor should men alone engage in such a consultation. It is doubtful if we should ever have been cursed with Slavery or War, had the high intuitions and inspired faith of woman been adequately represented in government; and no Senate of Humanity could begin by ostracising one half of Humanity. Let delegates be chosen without reference to sex. No true American Congress will ever sit, unless Lucretia Mott, Lydia Child, Mrs. Chapman, Anna Dickinson, — or the women who shall follow them, if the true congress is yet to be postponed, — shall be in it as equals.

What power would the enactments of such a congress have? Let us not make the ballot-box, nor the policeman, nor the soldier our fetish. The democrats voted, the abolitionists did not; which proved stronger? Brooks wielded the bludgeon, Sumner did not; which has prevailed? Let such a congress as I speak of call forth a standing army of clear ideas; let them make justice so plain that only the criminal can demur; let them set forth simple truth, so that the denier can only reveal his long ears. There are scattered through the woods and fields of America millions of men and women in every heart of whom God hath set His witness and friend; they are now hearing uncertain and discordant bugle-calls on every side; they run now with Doolittle, now with Wade, now with the *Evening Post*, now with the *Tribune*; and thus the very army of God in America is demoralized, and may presently be utterly routed. Commercial selfishness, political ambition, sentimental compromises, — by all these have the people been deceived, and they have ended in giving to each house its dead: on the funeral hush, and anxious questioning of millions of honest men and women, let the breath of all true spirits sound the trumpet of God, and these will know which is the true Government of America, and none other will be able to resist it.

THE POLICY.

THE worst evil of the past year has been our not knowing who were our friends, and who were our enemies. The best result of this winter's discussion has been the discovering where the line runs between the two camps. No intelligent observer of events needs to doubt that to-day the Head-quarters of the Rebellion are in the White House at Washington. Andrew Johnson is the leader of the present Southern effort to regain by political management what the South lost in the battle-field. He is therefore to be watched and opposed as the most efficient servant of the still unchanged and rebellious South. No fair words — no specious promises — are to lull again to sleep this tireless and indispensable vigilance. Any journal or man that tries to persuade us to trust him, must be branded as treason's ally or tool.

In Congress, as representing the National sentiment and purpose, is now our hope. While that stands, we have *political machinery* to work with. Should that succumb to the Administration, we are thrown back upon mere public discussion, and compelled to wait till other elections have replaced such treacherous leaders. While holding office and representing their party, members of Congress are the Nation's political voice and teachers, whether in session or at home. Meanwhile we are to remember that the North is already so far instructed and convinced, that had the Administration stood by us, the whole perfect fruit of this National Victory might have been saved; and the nation remodelled, with absolute justice for its basis. As it is, we have the result perilled, if not lost, by the treachery of the Administration — by Mr. Johnson planning and straining every nerve, using all his power, and usurping more, to reconstruct the South as nearly as possible, just as she was before the war.

In such circumstances our effort should be to *avoid any settlement*. We should rejoice to recognize that the epoch is not ended, and that we have not yet reached dry, solid land. Some men are in haste to compromise in order to end this transition state. From Mr. Fessenden, of Maine, bred in the superficial and timid school of the Whig party nothing else could have been expected. No child of such a school could understand this era, much less be fit to lead in it. Mr. Wilson of Massachusetts, has studied for twenty years the history of slavery, and slavery compromises under this government; and his last speech shows that his twenty years study has taught him exactly nothing.

No compromise has ever been made, even in our dumbest and weakest times, which has not hindered truth, postponed justice, and weakened freedom. Our fathers, in 1789, counted the slave as three-fifths of a man, affecting to believe, — perhaps believing, — that the selfish

wish of the South to count the other two fifths would hasten emancipation. On the contrary, it led the South to intrigue for new territory to increase its relative weight ; but it never gave rise to one, even the slightest effort, to secure more representative strength by freeing the negro. Meanwhile the compromise deadened the nation's conscience, strengthened slavery, and almost wrecked the government.

Just the same has been the history of all our compromises, made even in ordinary political times. Much more is it madness now in this formative hour of the nation's life, — when, if ever and more than ever, it can be taught and ripened, lifted up and on, — to shorten and surrender this our great opportunity, by a cowardly, distrustful, and ignorant haste to compromise.

Our true policy is this. Let Congress plainly announce its belief, that no state lately in rebellion, is fit to be readmitted to Congress. Let it lay down the principle that no one shall ever be admitted except it establishes universal or at least impartial suffrage : and then let Congress adjourn. Every day it continues in session jeopardizes this great cause. It may be bought, bullied, or deceived. All tends that way while it is in session, exposed to Administrative influence. Once adjourned, let the lines be distinctly drawn, and go to work to meet 1868 in earnest ; the interval between now and the next elections, State, National, and Presidential, is none too long for the work. The treason of President Johnson and the impossibility of impeaching him, leaves no hope of any earlier settlement. It is just as well, and much safer to acknowledge this. To adjourn and go to the people on this issue is saving time. In this way, spite of the President, the whole fruit of the war may yet be saved. With the lines distinctly drawn ; the fight above-board and acknowledged — the issue fairly presented, and every Congressman stumping his own State, the nation may yet be founded and built up on impartial and absolute justice. Our New England air will save some of our Senators at least from the compromise malaria of Pennsylvania Avenue.

Any other course, — drifting about in a storm of Constitutional Amendments, pilot blinded or drugged, and rudder unshipped — allows timid and heedless senators, to put us bound hand and foot into the hands of the enemy, under pretence of being *practical* statesmen. Any other course runs the risk of giving us another ten years of just such dislocated, discordant, and perilous national life as we have passed through since 1856. Adjourn Congress then. Let every member turn himself into witness, teacher, and drill master, and let our bugle call be, *No State admitted at present, and none ever admitted which has the word "WHITE," or the recognition of race in its Statute Books.*

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

JESUS THE SUBLIME RADICAL.

From a Discourse by HENRY WARD BEECHER, delivered in Plymouth Church, Oct. 1, 1865, and published in "The Independent" of Nov. 16.

WHEN Jesus reached the age appointed for the priesthood — the age of thirty — he entered upon a career of public teaching. And you will take notice that he did not put himself under the care of official teachers. He was not appointed to teach by custom or any authority. By the right of the individual he began to be a public teacher; and not officially or ecclesiastically, but morally and substantially, he was a priest among the Jews during the three years that he pursued that course of teaching and work which we have recorded in part in the New Testament. Then he was cut off as a malefactor, suffering the indignity of the most ignominious execution. But the things which he taught in this brief period, caught up and only partially reported as they were, have since that time been the radical revolutionary forces of the world. A man came into the world obscurely and ignobly; he was unknown for thirty years; then for three years he taught; and his teachings, not reduced by himself to writing, and only in part by his disciples, have from that time to this been the marrow of thought, and the source and fountain of moral influence on the globe, and have revolutionized it.

And who were the Pharisees? They were those who sought to lift men above their ordinary condition, and bring them under moral restraints, and impose upon them spiritual duties. They were ignorant of the right methods of doing these things, as we shall see. The Pharisee has been called the Puritan of the Jews. He was. If you contrast the Pharisee with the Greek and the Roman, they seem transcendently nobler than he in moral aspirations and endeavors. Relatively to Christ, they were low and even despicable. Their chief sins were selfishness, bigotry, narrowness in religious duties and views. It was not charged against them that they were not religious or ethical. It was charged against them that they were too much so. Their fault was on the side of excessive zeal. It was a zeal that laughed at compassion and kindness. It was a zeal that sprang from a selfish and bigoted adherence to religious views. They had no true pity and humanity in their religion.

The religion of the Pharisees was a religion of ecclesiastics. And they confounded religion itself with the instruments or institutions by which the religious spirit or feeling acts. They came to regard religious forms and religious ordinances as sacred. They forgot that they were the mere vehicle of feeling, and that, therefore, they could not be sacred, since nothing that is material can be sacred. Sacredness belongs to moral qualities, and not to physical, to spirit, and not to matter. There is no such thing as a sacred foundation-stone, or a sacred wall, or a sacred place, except in poetic or popular language. That which is sacred must be in the living thing. It is mind-quality, soul-quality, that is sacred. And they have drifted far from

the spirit of religion who believe that the instruments of religion are sacred, instead of religion itself. They who look upon days, and ecclesiastical ceremonies, and garments, and ordinances as holy, and worship them, are idolaters. They have set up right in the threshold of God's church the worship of forms and ceremonies, instead of the service of true religion.

And if it was the nature of the Pharisee to be selfish, to leave humanity out of his religion, and to worship the instruments of religion, and not the thing itself, you may be sure that Phariseism is not dead. You do not need to go to the New Testament to see where Pharisees are. They sit in our churches. They are in all sects. It is one of those methods in which the imperfection of human nature manifests itself when it is acting, in the direction of religion.

If this is a fair description of the Pharisees, they were stern, earnest men, seeking to reform and exalt human society, in the main, by a rigorous use of secular and ecclesiastical forces. They were not without many good qualities; they were not without much that was praiseworthy; but they failed in the essential points of spirituality and love. And as these were the foundation qualities of God's nature and government, they failed at the very pivotal point. It was in the presence of these rulers that Christ enacted the scenes that are recorded, as having been enacted during the three official years of his life.

The question which I propose briefly to answer is, "how must such a being as Christ have appeared to these men, such as they were?" There is such a thing, you know, as a higher class in morality; there is such a thing as an aristocracy of virtue, or supposed virtue; and there is no aristocracy and no monarchy that is more imperious, more domineering, more tyrannical, than ecclesiastical aristocracy. . . . They said, "There is a man of great power, and we must see whether we can use him, and whether he will be on our side." The question in their mind was not this: "Is he truer than we are? Is he better than we are? Will his truth make mankind better, and the world happier?" Their thought was this—and it is not very different from the thought of men now-a-days: "If this man is with us, we are going in for him; if not, we are going against him." The syllogism was, "God has made us the instrument of enlightening this people. Therefore, it is essential that we should be kept in authority and power. And if this man goes with us, he goes with religion, and we accept him. If he goes against us, he goes against religion, and we reject him." Now, churches, and seminaries, and Christian institutions of all kinds, are feet with which religion walks. They are hands with which it helps itself. They are instruments which God employs in carrying it on. But when a comparison is made between institutions and ordinances and the things which they serve, there is no hesitation as to which is superior.

But the Pharisees said of Christ: "If he goes with our institutions, if he goes with Jewry, he is right; if he does not, he is wrong." And because he did not go with them they turned against him. . . . The light came upon them in vain. They did not understand it. God was presented

to them as a spirit, and they did not accept him. . . . And he charged them with blindness—and rightly too,—because they could not see these things.

But they did see and feel what to them was more to the point—that Christ's influence was against them; that he stood in their path; that if he increased they would decrease: and that if the people were to be taught by him they could no longer teach them. In other words, they were men of a party. Here was an individual that refused to join their party, and did things which had a tendency to disintegrate and destroy that party; and they turned against him.

How do men act under such circumstances now? Is it strange to see a party turn against a man because he does not go with them, without any consideration of his character, or of what the result of his teachings would be? The Pharisees were a party in religion; and when they found that Christ would not train with them, they eschewed him. For one of two things a party must do—win or kill; and it will be so as long as the carnal element is predominant in the world.

Let us see, then, how, in some points, Christ's independent spiritual career traversed party considerations, and how he went to his crucifixion. . . . The charge against him was that he ate with publicans and sinners, and that he sat down with them. There is a great difference, you know, between preaching *to* people, and going *with* people. He might have preached to publicans at appointed times and places, and he would have had small audiences; but he went where the publicans and sinners were; and he sat down with them, and ate with them, and they found him an agreeable companion. And he was pure enough and noble enough to bear the test to which he was subjected in so doing. And when he was charged with it as an offense contrary to the Jewish custom, he declared "I do it as a physician goes among the sick. They need me and I go to them because they need me—not because I need them." But this was very offensive to the purest of the Pharisees.

More than that, he taught the common people not in rabbinical phrase, but in the vernacular. You will take notice that a minister who joins himself to a sect, and avows that it is his purpose to exalt that sect, is permitted by that sect to speak in any way he pleases, and as far as he pleases, so that all the benefit inures to it. But let a man refuse to belong to any sect, let him claim brotherhood with all sects so far as they are Christ's, and let him teach in any other way than that of the catechism and pulpit, let him preach the great truths of religion so that the common people shall hear him gladly, and what is the impression that is produced but this: that the man is seeking vulgar applause and popularity, or else that he is going out of the way, and is a dangerous man? The established sects do not like to have the Gospel preached to men except in the language that they are accustomed to use.

Now, Christ would not use rabbinical language in his teaching. He did not speak as the Jews did. But when he taught the common people, all

said: "This man speaks with authority." What does that mean? Weight. He spoke right home to their consciences, and that is always speaking with weight. He brought the Gospel into their houses, into their business, into their dispositions, into their very superstitions. He brought it into their religion. That was a strange place to bring it, it is true; but he brought it there. It was his habit to preach the Gospel, not professionally, but personally, so as to make it a Gospel to the common people. And it was this that was offensive to the Jews. It was against their party.

More than that, the practical superiority which he gave to truth or principle over usages and institutions was offensive to them. It was an indirect assault upon them. For the Pharisees were men that believed in regularity, and order, and subordination, and discipline. The Pharisee was superlatively the model conservative of the world. He did not disdain growth; but, after all, his sympathies and feelings, first and mainly, inclined them to the policy of taking care of what you have already obtained. It was holding on to the past that they were thinking of. Not that they ignored advancement, but the key-note of their life was *conservation*. Therefore, when they saw a man of great power and extraordinary gifts disseminating principles which did not belong to their theological system, and raising moral tides which could not but work mischief to them, they felt that he was making not only a personal, but an ecclesiastical attack upon them. And, as conservative religious men, they thought they were bound to oppose him.

For example, was there anything more sacred to them than sacrifice? The idea of sacrifice was to them what the idea of atonement is to orthodox men, now-a-days, who hold it to be the centre of the Christian arch. Sacrifice was never despised by Christ, but relatively he undervalued it. The idea of sacrifice among the Jews had taken precedence of humanity, justice and right; and Christ came and said: "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." What does it mean but this: "Do not think that sacrifice to God is the highest religious duty." You may offer up sacrifice in such a way that it shall be utterly offensive to God. In other words, sacrifice depends for its goodness on preceding moral qualities. A principle is higher than the ordinance which you take to exhibit that principle. The life of religion is in the soul first; and then come the instruments by which you develop that life.

The same is true of the Sabbath-day. It is remarkable that almost every mention of the Sabbath day in which Christ expresses any opinion respecting it was seemingly adverse to its sacredness. And some have supposed that Christ was opposed to the Sabbath day. But he was not. The Sabbath day had become an oppressive day to the common people. It had lost its peculiar fragrance and sweetness as a voluntary religious day. And Christ, happening to meet it at the point of its oppression, put the duty of love in religion higher than any ordinance. He only undervalued the Sabbath as contrasted with the object for which it was ordained. It was the

outside ordinance as contrasted with the inside spirit that led Christ to denounce it.

These are instances of Christ's attempt to put the truth higher than the ordinance or usage by which that truth was expressed. The result was that those who felt themselves condemned, those who felt their methods of teaching religion set aside, those who felt that there was a tendency to unsettle the minds of their hearers, did not hesitate to declare that he was an infidel.

..... The whole course of Christ was so influential that the Pharisees could not let him alone. Such was the force with which he taught and moved in life, he thrust himself upon them in such a way at every turn, he irritated and aggravated them so, that they were in the condition of many men in your day, who have said of reformers that were laboring to correct the evils of society: "Why will not these men let these things alone? Why are they always agitating them?" Christ made Jerusalem hot for the Pharisees. The public mind had become filled with those new-fangled notions about morality and religion which he promulgated; and the Pharisees wondered why, if he was a minister of the true religion, he would stir up the people so.

That is not all. Christ was the most unpractical man that ever lived; and yet the most practical. He could not be used by the Pharisees for their purposes. He could not live simply for the present, as they did. He was living for something beyond. They were Jews. He belonged to the human kind. They sought immediate success. He was establishing the foundations of that kingdom in which dwelleth righteousness. They were for now and for the transient. He was for the future and the stable. And how could they use such a man as that? He was larger than they were; he saw something more than their plans contemplated; he was forever laboring for a more resplendent end than they had conceived of; and they could not use him.

Christ was, lastly, a sublime radical — and that was the secret of the matter. "How dare you," one will say to me, "apply such a term to Christ?" Because my glorious Master is one that has got used to wearing ignominious terms; and any term of ignominy that is made such by contempt of the higher against the lower I take and put upon the brow of Christ. Another thorn it may be, but it is one that brings blood for salvation. And I declare that Christ was the first and the sublime radical. "Now also," says the New Testament, speaking of the coming of Christ, "the axe is laid unto the root of the trees." He struck at the very principle of things. What is *radical* but a word derived from *radix*, which means root? He was a rootman. He came right at the worm at the root of the trees. A physician that, instead of attempting to palliate a difficulty, deals strictly with the organic lesion, is a radical. In morals, the man that does not endeavor to smooth over the surface of things, but asks what is the fundamental cause of wrong, and then attacks that cause, is a radical. And Christ was declared to be a radical. The axe was laid at the root of

things. And from the days of Christ to this, the men that have been the most known and felt, and the longest felt in the world, have been men that passing over compromises and petty ways of settling difficulties, have struck the foundation causes of things, and insisted upon having health and right, and refused to train with men that were in favor of letting matters take their own course. And they have been, like their Master, radicals and therefore reformers; cursed while they lived, and worshipped when they were dead; thorns in the side of parties, and crucified by them, and held up as the martyrs and heroes of their age by the next generation.

. The men that prove to be the regenerators of mankind begin as Christ did, despised and subjected to obloquy by the laws and accredited sources of government. All men that hold in their hands the supposed authorities of religion, turn themselves against these on-coming men of power, who, though they are uncomely, shape the foundations of the New Jerusalem, which are to be laid, not as the foundations of human institutions are, of hay, wood, clay and stubble, but of precious stones, in immortal principles of truth, which shall never pass away. They that build on purity and rectitude, are steadfast and safe, but they that build on *arrangements*, on nice and cunning devices, on compromises, in order to dodge duty, are liable at any moment to be overthrown and destroyed. We have been living for years and years in a period in which men have sacrificed principle for the sake of quieting the community, for the sake of gaining peace, for the sake of settling in an easy manner questions which God Almighty was determined should not be settled till they were settled right. We have been living for years and years in a period in which men have exhausted all their ingenuity to suppress those Christian influences which have been at work in the world. And we have had the church and religion against Christ in his exponents in the land. We have had the law against Christ. Government and commerce have been against Christ. And they have all joined in the cry: "Crucify him! Crucify him!" And men said, "Now we will have peace." But did you get it? Did you get it in the Church? Did you get it in the State.

Now, having gone through five bloody years, we come again to great questions which stand petitioning at our doors, and God says: "Settle them on principles of justice and rectitude, and you shall have peace." But the whole nation are asking, "Ought we not, after so long a time, to arrange so as to have peace?" And men are saying, "Why insist upon such radical ideas? Why not accept more temperate views?" And those views which they call *temperate*, and which they are urging us to adopt, are views that have lies in them. And I stand again and say, Truth has no revolution in it. Right has no change in it. Justice is always safe and sure.

THE PATRIOT.

WHOM may the people trust?

Not those, the base confederates of state,
Who'd lay their country's fortunes desolate,
Pluck her fair ensigns down to seal the Black man's fate,
Not these deserve their trust.

But they, the generous and the just,
Who, nobly free, and meekly great,
Will steadfast serve the servant race,
As masters in the menial's place ;
Saxons on Ethiops proudly wait,
By their dark brothers steady stand,
Till owners these of mind and hand,
And freedom's banner waves o'er an enfranchised land.

These are the *Nation's* trust,
They are the Patriots just.

A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

A TALE FROM THE GULISTAN.

THEY tell a story of an oppressor who purchased firewood from the poor by force, and gave it gratuitously to the rich. A judicious man passing that way said, "You are a snake that bites every one you see, or an owl that destroys every place where you sit ; although your injustice may pass unpunished amongst us, it will not escape the observation of that God to whom all secrets are revealed. Injure not the inhabitants of this world, that the sighs of the oppressed may not ascend to heaven." The oppressor was displeased at his words, frowned on him, and took no further notice of him, until one night when fire, issuing from the kitchen, caught the stock of wood, and consumed all his goods ; when his soft bed became a seat of warm ashes. It happened that this same judicious person, passing by, and hearing him say to his friends, "I know not from whence this fire fell upon my house," replied, "From the smoke of the hearts of the poor." Beware of the groans of the wounded souls, since the inward sore will at length break out ; oppress not to the utmost a single heart, for a single sigh has power to overset a whole world. On the crown of Kaikusrou was the following inscription : "For how many years, during what space of time, shall men pass over my grave ? As the kingdom came to me by succession, in like manner shall it pass to the hands of others."

LETTER FROM PARIS.

PARIS, JANUARY, 1866.

I REGRETTED not to have been able to send you some word for THE RADICAL before leaving America. I should have liked at least to express the interest I felt in its publication, in the ideas which it will advocate, in its tone and spirit. Its name, simple, direct and pronounced, its assumption on the very title of the broadest, most inclusive meaning of the word, Religion, were both most satisfactory and full of good omen. I trust and believe that its purpose will be fulfilled by the frankest, most unreserved, most unmanipulated statements of doctrine, unabated by any qualifications except such as will be dictated by good sense and good feeling, and above all, by the earnest desire to find and communicate the truth. There never was a time when clear thought and decided statement were more needed, or could be more useful. In the confusion of old opinions broken up; in the fog of new ideas half formed; in the unreconciled and illogical mixture of systems and tendencies; in the temptation to stretch the old phraseology to cover new thoughts, and to use the new phrases without a distinct meaning; in the mutual misunderstandings of wings and schools; in the pain of unsettled convictions and the danger of intellectual dishonesty; in the sincere desire for light and the sincere fear of losing the way; in all that characterizes the present theological condition of America, any clear statement of matured conviction may be of immense service. And the more straightforward and outspoken, the more serviceable. So, I hope your contributors will always remember that it is THE RADICAL for which they are writing.

And, I hope you will hold to that larger meaning of Religion which I suppose you to keep in setting it in your title as if it summed up all that your Magazine would have to treat of; and I am sure that you do not mean to confine its pages to mere theological criticism or devout sentiment. It is of great consequence that men should come to use the word Religion as covering all of life, and not shut it off to name only one enclosure, however important. All of life, I mean, *viewed in the higher aspects*; viewed in those spiritual, eternal relations which thoughtful men see to lie back of the surface-aspects of all. The sooner we get entirely rid of the technical division of sacred and profane, the better. The sooner we get rid of the division between sacred and worldly as a division by walls on the same surface, and come to see it as a separation only of higher and lower planes, of superficial and central, the better.

I need not say, then, that I entirely disagree with your trenchant and impassioned correspondent, H. J., (I wish he had not such a bad habit of calling names,) in his attempt to confine Religion to its purely redemptory significance, to its single relation of salvation from sin. Even in that "grim and uncompromising past" to which he so confidently appeals against the "modern sentimentalism," this has not been the only conception of Religion; though it may have been too often a predominant one. In all times men have regarded God as life-giving, beneficent, as Creator,

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Protector, Father; and not only as Punisher and Pardoner. But were it otherwise, we ought to believe that in the growth of the race higher and completer conceptions would naturally take the place of the old, imperfect ones; that what was latent in the past would become prominent, and that what was predominant might become secondary. I admired very much the picturesqueness of those carved fifteenth-century chairs which I saw the other day at the *Musée de Cluny* among a multitude of fascinating antiquities; and I wanted one of them very much. But I should count that man as "doting and debauched," (to borrow H. J.'s mild phrase,) who should assert that the builders of those hard, narrow, straight-backed seats of a "grim and uncompromising past," alone knew what was fit for a Christian to sit in. I protest against every theology founded on the Fall of Man. I protest against this merely *pathological* view of Religion. Religion is *Health*; but it is not necessarily *Cure*. I believe in the falls of men; but I believe it better to be saved from falling, than to be saved from the consequences of having fallen. We should do well to carry the modern therapeutics into the spiritual sphere, and substitute, as much as possible, Regimen for Medicine. I have no doubt that we inherit some bad tendencies from our ancestor, the Past, but many good ones, too, and among them the power to do better than he. Some men, it has been said, are so well born that they do not need to be born again; and this is true of most men, in some particular. Our aim should be to make it true of all men in all respects. Thankful we needs must be for the Divine Physician, the Healing Spirit beyond whose restorative power no soul can ever sink. But I think we ought to insist more and more on those sweet native ties which in so many simple, wholesome, cheerful ways bind us instinctively and voluntarily to Him from whom we are never sundered but in part, never utterly alienated, never hopelessly fallen, nor ever can be; whose children we are not by adoption but by birth.

But recognizing this; declaring that Religion, or our conscious union with God is a native not a superinduced relation, and so finding Religion as I said, to cover all of life, it does not follow that every thing which a man does can properly be called religious. A woman sitting in church-time on Boston Common; a man mending a steam-engine on Sunday, are not necessarily religious. I should want to know what thought was in the mind, what disposition in the heart, what motive in the will and hand, before deciding. If there were mere idle or superficial thought, a purely material aim, mere animal enjoyment or animal activity, there was so far no religion, though there may have been no harm. If there was frivolity, or ill-temper, or any form of selfishness, so far there was irreligion. And precisely the same would be true if they were at church, or reading the Bible, or doing any act commonly called religious. Man's outward life, whether of work, or play, or ritual worship, can all be carried on without religion. But also into the most ordinary, commonplace things of it there may be put such a spirit of conscientious fidelity, such a sense of duty, such a hearty unselfishness, such a sweet feeling of human affection, such a cheerful sense

of God's presence, and of a will of His to be done in that homely way, that the act becomes truly a religious act. In short, it is a striking through the outward service into eternal sentiments, principles, ideas, that brings us into the sphere of religion; and that sphere lies close to life. And in devoting your Magazine to Religion you mean to say, I suppose, that whatever is discussed in its pages will be looked at reverently as from this deeper point of view, treated in the light of ideas and principles. How much of God's good-will to man do our social customs and institutions embody? How do our Politics, our Trade, look beside His justice? How much of His ways and working does our Science reveal? How much of spiritual truth is in our Theology, of spiritual beauty in our Art, of spiritual life and peace in our Worship?

Passing a bookseller's one day here in Paris, my eye fell upon a little paper in the window bearing the title, "*La Morale Indépendante*." I bought some numbers of it, and found that it was the organ of a movement here which is somewhat significant and quite in the line of this question of the true definition of Religion. How extensive the movement is I do not know; I find the same four or five names attached to the articles in all the numbers I have read. But it is of sufficient importance to have attracted the attention of the church, and a series of sermons has just been preached against it at *Notre Dame* by a celebrated preacher, the Rev. Father Hyacinthe. The system of the "*Morale Indépendante*" is, as the name indicates, an endeavor to establish Morality upon its own basis, separated entirely from Theology. You will see the positivist element in it. It declares itself to be not atheistic; it neither denies nor affirms God; it leaves the theological question entirely aside, regarding it as at best purely hypothetical and speculative, a question of man's origin and end, of no practical value, with no basis of certainty, leading therefore to perpetual controversy and division. It leaves the religious question, therefore, to the individual to settle, each for himself and each differently, Catholic, Protestant, Deist, Pantheist, but calls all to come upon this ground of unity where all may agree; — Morality on its own impregnable foundation in the nature of man; morality one, identical, universal; disengaged from every foreign element. Every man finds in his nature the fact of a free personality; with this a demand that his personality be respected by others, and reciprocally an obligation to respect theirs. This *fact* is the basis of Morality. Generalized and elevated by the reason, sanctioned by the moral sensibility, idealized by the imagination, that which was at first individual and egotistic rises to the *sentiment* of Duty, to the *idea* of Right, to the *ideal* of Justice. It thus becomes a Power, a Law and an End, impersonal and universal. It becomes the ground and motive of all private virtues and of all social progress.

That is good doctrine, I should say. Preach it by all means and everywhere, good friends. It cannot but do good to teach men self-respect and respect for others; still more to teach them a Law and a Power above their individual egoisms. It cannot but do good to teach them to find in them-

selves a basis for that which should govern their lives. And believe that in teaching this you are teaching a *Religion*. For the moment you have passed beyond an individual fact into an eternal principle and universal idea, you have entered the sphere of religion. You may not like the work, indeed, on account of false notions associated with it. For the same reason you may not like to use the name God. But you are teaching God, for you teach a *spiritual power which, though in man, is yet above him*. Knowing that it is but right and manly for men to reluct at a moral law which is represented in the churches as an arbitrary will of a distant and individual God, whose detailed volitions are revealed only through a few messengers, and recorded only in the pages of the Bible, you send them to human nature as to an accessible and certain source. They will find these themselves, and something beyond themselves; a law which leaves them free because it is their own nature, and which binds them because from that nature they cannot escape; a law that is in them and yet is above them, because they did not make it, nor yet any man, nor can they unmake it; because though revealed in the individual, it is perceived to be universal. It is then truly a Religion which you teach. But it is not all of Religion. There is in human nature another fact, another sentiment, another idea, another ideal; equally accessible, equally certain, equally universal. It is the *fact* that by force of his nature man conceives of, reaches out towards, an invisible Being beyond himself, beyond nature; it is the *sentiment* of reverence, trust, love, dependence towards this being. It is the *idea* of Supreme Spirit, of God; it is the *ideal* of heaven, a kingdom of God on this earth or beyond. Make as much as you may of the varying, confused, contradictory notions that have gathered about them, the grand fact, sentiment, idea, ideal remain fixed and essential in human nature, pointing still beyond it. The variations can be matched by the variations which exist about morals, without impugning in either case the ground of unity, universality, certainty, existing beneath. Of this fact and its connections science is bound to take cognizance; to listen to and sift the testimony of the witnesses, the experts, the saints. Now to the idea of God thus reached — to this Theology — morality (which may doubtless be investigated and practised by itself,) readily attaches, not as a "foreign," but a kindred element. That moral something in man which is yet above him — what is it but the presence in him of the Infinite Justice — of God, working in him and ruling him in a sweet and natural way — himself and yet more than himself; just as the forces of material nature work in and rule his body. The law of right lies not in the arbitrary will of an individual God, but in the very nature and being of the spiritual God. It is not uttered through oracles and written in statute-books, but wrought into the constitution of things and of man. In obeying it man is obeying the law of his own nature, and so while firmly bound is beautifully free, and keeps his manhood and his liberty.

Something like this I should say to the supporters of the "*Morale Indépendante*." (And you may think, so have I run on, that my letter ought to be sent to that paper instead of the RADICAL.) It was not, however, ex-

actly this which Father Hyacinthé said to them, in his six sermons or "Conférences" at Notre Dame. I went one Sunday to hear him. Though I went early the crowd was already too great to allow me to get near enough for easy hearing. The nave of the Cathedral, half way down which stands the pulpit, was reserved, during these discourses, for men, and was closely packed, (price of chairs, three cents.) Though but a part of the cathedral, it is in itself of the dimensions of a good sized church. Outside of it in the first aisle between the columns sat men and women; still further off in the second aisle was a mixed company, mostly standing; here you saw the workman's blouse, the soldier's red trousers and blue overcoat, the schoolboy's half-military uniform, and the black robe of the seminarist; and towering above, the preposterous cocked hat, scarlet waistcoat, laced coat and silver-headed staff of the church-beadle. It is really a significant fact that these Conférences or lectures should have been so largely attended, people going an hour before the time to secure seats, and this when they were of a highly philosophic turn, dealing in metaphysical discussion, quoting Kant and the like. The preacher I found a man of middle age, dressed in the brown robe and white, hooded cloak of the Carmelites. His discourse was extempore, as always, here, his manner, as always, animated and dramatic, with much gesture of the arms and fingers. There is one curious custom in these churches; at the end of each portion of his discourse the preacher pauses, turns aside and loudly blows his nose; this is the signal for the whole congregation to do the same. It is no doubt a relief, and may conduce to quiet between whiles, but the effect is ludicrous enough to the unaccustomed. The crowd and other engagements prevented my going again. But I read the reports which were published each week in the "*Morale Indépendante*," and in the little paper which is sold at the door of the church. He began by saying that "after a year's absence he found himself before the same audience and in face of the same error, but both had grown." That error was "not atheism, not pantheism, those were its two wings; he would call it anti-theism," for it was virtually and essentially a denial of the personal and living God; hence it was dangerous to religion and the church. He granted much to his opponents, that they were sincere, that there was truth in what they taught. It was the same truth which he taught. He, too, believed in the human conscience, in the dignity of the human personality, in the progress of the human race. He, too, believed in a moral law written in the human soul, primitive and behind all revelations. He admitted that morality could exist separate from religion; that Right was not right because God willed it, but God willed it because it was right. He spoke of "natural prophecy," of "rational revelation, source of eternal commandments," of "the word of God in the heights of the soul," of God as "the living ground of every thought, the true light, the eternal Christ lighting every man, even the non-Christian." But after all, of course he came round and brought up with the Church and the "Word made flesh and the Reason come down to us in the womb of the Immaculate Virgin." He asserted that, if not intention-

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ally, yet logically, the doctrine of independent morality was atheism, and would practically end "in irreligion, and consequently, in immorality." He quoted Napoleon as saying, "Man without God; yes, I have seen him at work since 1793; that sort of man we don't govern, we shoot him down." To prevent that necessity, "with all the energy of his convictions, with all the enthusiasm of his feelings, with all the force of his will, in the name of the Holy Catholic Church, in the name of France and the great future, which was opening before her, he repelled this *independent morality*." And all this eloquence against men who inculcate the practise of all the virtues, and the building up society on justice and respect for mutual rights! At the close of the whole, the Archbishop added his words. He expressed to the people his earnest hope "that their sons at the age of eighteen and twenty would not count on the maxims of the independent morality to protect them against the storms of their hearts, but would confide themselves to the church." He warned them, "your daughter, sweet angel of fifteen, will not find that morality suffice to guard her from the power of her passions; much better that she believe sincerely, honestly, simply in the words of her curate; trust me, that will be much more efficacious."

There were two passages in Father Hyacinthe's discourses somewhat noticeable. One was where he appealed to the Protestants: "I turn to my auxiliaries, I look into the bosom of Christian Protestantism, I look into the bosom of sincere Deism, and I say you are my auxiliaries. Certainly I do not forget what separates us, but neither do I forget what unites us. Do you not, with me, believe in the Christ? Or if not, do you not bow your soul before the personal and living God? I do not now look at the abyss which separates us, I stretch out to you a friendly hand, and I thank you for the aid which you lend me here and everywhere when I defend *religious* morality." The other was the declaration in the last discourse that the Roman Church had never imposed its doctrine by force; "Human representatives of the divine sovereignty over conscience, we come with our teachings, with our sacraments, but we come as suppliants. We can enter into the conscience of the peoples by one door alone — that of free consent. Has the Church ever imposed itself upon men's faith by any other force than the force of truth and love? Has the church ever carried the gospel to unbelieving nations as the Koran was carried, at the point of the sword? *All history is there, to say that she has never done it, all theology to say that she cannot do it.*" Pretty bold statement, is n't it? "The part of the sword in the world," he adds, "may sometimes be — and those are its happy moments — to defend justice and weakness when oppressed in the Church; it is never to impose the faith on the nations which repel it. Faith, conviction, the free adhesion of mind and heart — how can the sword attain such a result? 'T would be a folly and a crime, too, to attempt it, for if there is, next to the majesty of God, an inviolable majesty, it is that of the human conscience." Good words, good father; but to show that a thing is a folly and a crime is not exactly to prove that the

Church has never done it. And if she has never literally tried to propagate her doctrine by the sword, her history is there to show how freely she has used that instrument to suppress dissent and heretical free thoughts, and her theology is there to justify the procedure.

Father Hyacinthe is, I believe, a disciple of Cousin, who was said to have been present at the first "Conférence;" (but that was afterwards denied.) The "Morale Indépendante" rather scouts that venerable philosopher, and declares his doctrine of the "impersonal Reason" to be an "antiquated notion that has perished of decrepitude."

I wish that I could, in words, convey to you some idea of the grandeur and beauty of the Cathedral in which these *Conférences* have been preached. The vastness of the symmetry; the massive simplicity, the daring lightness; the vistas of shadow and colored light through the ranged columns, round and clustered, "the height, the depth, the gloom, the glory," are a perpetual but indescribable delight. To tell you that the church is 390 feet long, 128 wide, 102 high; that the great rose-windows of the transepts, set far, far above your head, are thirty-six feet in diameter, will give you little idea, unless you mentally compare these figures with some building with whose dimensions you are familiar. There is no church in Paris which comes near this of *Notre Dame*, in grandeur and beauty. It was begun about 1150, and is not yet entirely finished; which may be a consolation and encouragement to All Souls. Recent renovations have taken away from the interior much of the grey time-stain, and given too white a hue to the stone, of which the whole interior is constructed; but they have enriched it, also, with many new windows of stained glass, and with color upon the walls of the side chapels. A large number of blocks of old houses on one side of its square have just been pulled down to make way for a new hospital; the old Hotel-Dieu, which some of your readers will remember between the church and the river, is to be removed, and a fine view of the Cathedral will be thus opened. This is but one among a hundred demolitions and rebuildings which are rapidly and entirely changing the aspect of old Paris. Of some other matters I hope to write you before long.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

THE LESSON FOR THE PEOPLE. — Mr. Lincoln early recognized and reported a fact of the times, when, on his way from Springfield to the Capitol, he said: "If the country is to be saved, the people must save it." He instinctively felt that he was by nature constituted to execute the will of the people, and not to lead it — or oppose it. The leaderless people became the country's leader; they thought, wrought, suffered, endured, and triumphed; and will go on triumphing to the end! But they must learn to buy their victory at a less cost; learn that *compromise* is cheap at the start and dear at the end; that justice may be used in affairs of the State with economy; that their enemy can only be converted by their own veracity. Let them demand ALL that's Right: in due time it will be granted and the battle will be over.

"When half-gods go,
The gods arrive."

ED.

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WALT WHITMAN'S DRUM-TAPS.*

SAID Thoreau : "The wisest definition of poetry the poet will instantly prove false by setting aside its requisitions." This acute observation has never been more strikingly proved than by the author of the volume before us. The curious and the metaphysical have frequently essayed a complete and accurate definition of the word *poetry*; but it would be impossible to locate within any of their survey-bills, the strange pastures into which Walt Whitman leads his flocks. And yet the author of "Leaves of Grass," is as unquestionably a true poet, as the greatest of his contemporaries. He seems to us more purely permeated with the subtle essence of poetry than almost any other. It is the air he breathes : the very blood of his arteries. With others there are wide vistas of unmitigated prose in their view of life ; to this poet, everything in the world is glowing with poetic beauty. Objects which seem so insignificant — so homely and common-place to most of us, he weaves into his poems. We would not, of course, be understood to say that a simple photography of whatever objects pass before us answers the ends of art. The hand which holds the pencil is everything ; and all must be so portrayed that we view them from the poet's own high stand-point. This answers the artistic end ; and it is vain to deny artistic treatment in Walt Whitman's poems because they are not constructed in accordance with canons previously laid down. The true poet discovers new and unsuspected laws of art, and makes his own rules. If he touches the secret chords of poetry in our soul, that is the only test, whether we can explain it to our own understanding or not.

"Drum-Taps" contains but few strikingly different characteristics from the author's former volume. We are pleased to find that certain features of that are not introduced in this ; for we are compelled to confess that there were certain pages of the "Leaves of Grass" which we regretted had been written. We have written upon the fly-leaf of our copy this passage from "The Essays : " "Osmand had a humanity so broad and deep, that although his speech was so bold and free with the Koran as to disgust all the dervishes, yet was there never a poor outcast, eccentric or insane man, some fool who had cut off his beard, or who had been mutilated under a vow, or had a pet madness in his brain, but fled at once to him : *that great heart lay there so sunny and hospitable in the centre of the country*, that it seemed as if the instinct of all sufferers drew them to his side."

On looking through the pages of "Drum-Taps," and catching the soft and sweet strains of a sublime tenderness, much more than the martial music which the title indicates, certain scenes in Washington in the winter of '63 and '64 recur very vividly to memory ; his meeting soldiers on the street whom he had nursed and tended —

"Many a soldier's loving arms about this neck have crossed and rested,
Many a soldier's kiss dwells on these bearded lips," —

* Published by the Author : New York.

walks with him through some of the hospitals, where he came a ministering spirit, daily. It was very affecting to witness the adoration which this divine love kindled. And it was somewhat amusing, too, to discover certain little myths which were afloat from bed to bed concerning him, for he was not known among them as writer or poet, and there seemed to be some mystery attached to his mission.

In this brief notice we have left little space for some extracts which we proposed to give. How striking a trope, for instance, is this! —

"One doubt, nauseous, undulating like a snake, crawl'd on the ground before me, Continually preceding my steps, turning upon me oft, ironically hissing low."

In vivid word-painting our poet has few equals, as these scattered lines from "The Veteran's Vision" show :

"The skirmishers begin—they crawl cautiously ahead—I hear the irregular snap! snap!
I hear the sounds of the different missiles—the short *t-t-t!* *t-t-t!* of the rifle balls ;"

... "I hear the great shells shrieking as they pass ;
The grape like the hum and whirr of wind through the trees." ...
"And ever the sound of the cannon, far and near, (rousing, even in dreams, a devilish exultation, and all the old mad joy, in the depths of my soul.)"

B.

FLAG OF STARS, THICK-SPRINKLED BUNTING.

FLAG of stars! thick-sprinkled bunting!
Long yet your road, fateful flag!—long yet your road, and lined
with bloody death!
For the prize I see at issue, at last is the world!
All its ships and shores I see, interwoven with your threads,
greedy banner!
—Dream'd again the flags of kings, highest borne, to flaunt univalled?
O hasten, flag of man! O with sure and steady step, passing
highest flags of kings,
Walk supreme to the heavens, mighty symbol—run up above
them all,
Flag of stars! thick-sprinkled bunting!

WALT WHITMAN.